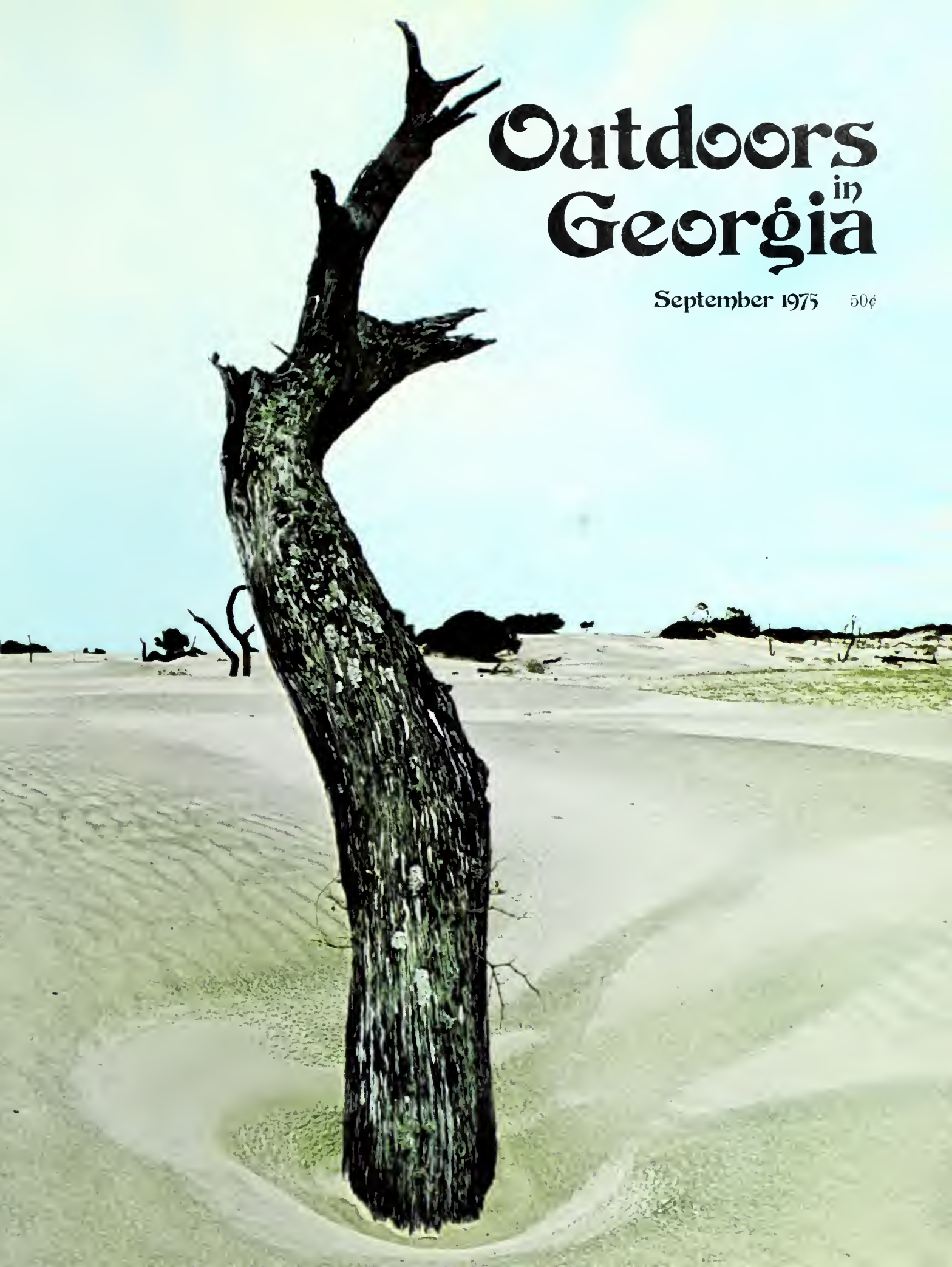


A photograph of a dead, gnarled tree trunk standing in a sandy dune landscape under a clear blue sky. The tree trunk is dark and textured, with some lichen or moss visible. It stands in the foreground, slightly to the left of the center. The background shows a vast, flat, sandy dune area with some sparse vegetation and other dead trees in the distance. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

Outdoors in Georgia

September 1975 50¢



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Outdoors in Georgia

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FRONT COVER: A dead snag stands over windswept sand near Lake Whitney on Cumberland Island. Photo by Bob Busby.

BACK COVER: A Gulf Fritillary butterfly on Sapelo Island. Photo by Aaron Pass.

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An Edenal Retreat

It is possible, I suppose, to visualize an island more beautiful, more scenic, and more alluring than Cumberland—the southernmost of Georgia's sea islands. Maybe somewhere in this wide world there are more beautiful beaches, more enchanting vegetation. Maybe all of this is possible—but I doubt it.

Cumberland Island has lain off Georgia's coast ever since there has been a Georgia, and long before. It has been used before, first by Indians, and later by others; but it has always remained luckily aloof from the severest damages of human interference. It has remained an island in time, separated from Georgia's progress as it is separated from the mainland.

Now, through long, hard work by individuals, groups of citizens, state and federal governments, and others, it bids fair to be preserved. Cumberland Island will not become a seaside commercial resort.

What will it become? Will the very beauty of the island draw it down into tumultuous misuse, as Wayne Parker fears (see page 14)? Will it remain—as it has through much of history—

a private resort of a kind, restricted by regulation as it was restricted in the past by fiat?

I don't envy the National Park Service's decision which will have to come soon. The fall hearings on the ultimate fate of Cumberland will be very important to all of us, to our children, and their children.

In a democracy we rest upon the wisdom of citizens. In securing such wisdom we seek to reach as many minds as possible. That is how our nation's founders suggested it be done, and in this year of bicentennial celebration, I can't think of any better way to commemorate our birthright than by participating in the planned future use of Cumberland.

Nature gave us the beauty of Cumberland. I hope our collective wisdom about use of the island matches that beauty.

David Cravshaw

Rail

by Joe Cullens

Photography by Cathy Cardarelli



What begins as a notion in the back of some idiot's mind soon snowballs pall mall into a full-fledged exposition. ("Exposition" is used since expeditions are eminently more fruitful.) A show is indeed what develops as a group of "northerners" invade Georgia's coastal marshland for a rail hunting sortie.

Known locally as marsh hens, the clapper rails are at home in the birthplace of all life, the tidal marsh. Hunted locally by a few hardy individuals, the rails bring unsuspecting "mountain boys" face to face with a lot of hard work for very little reward.

After five or ten minutes of poling (more like thrashing) in attempt to move the small, flat-bottomed boats from which the birds are hunted, all members of the party begin to have serious doubts about the existence of these so-called "marsh chickens."

The raucous clatter of the excited birds adds to the frustration as the crew discovers that poling a boat through marsh grass is virtually impossible with no wind to stir the spartina and an uncooperative motor mount that refuses to budge an inch toward its out-of-the-water position.

Lacking the mental capacities of normal humans, the weary bunch finds its first encounter with the clapper rail as evasive as the previous night's sleep, when the tinkle of poker chips and the shuffling of cards was music to their ears.

Thoughts of the warm bed they had barely gotten used to race through their minds. They feverishly pound the marsh grass, but as the little boats tip wildly, they lose hope of scaring anything but themselves.

Roaded

Their first glimpse of the marsh hens comes only after struggling back to the relative ease of the tidal creek. A small, squatty-looking bird gazes over a long beak from the dense cover of spartina.

By the time the boat is headed back to the bird, the rail has vanished. But it suddenly reappears a few yards away, swimming madly in the opposite direction. It gets up with a squawk and flutter of furious wings. The erratic motion of the small boat floundering through the marsh grass has spooked this wily resident.

The safety clicks off the 12-gauge shotgun and seconds later the endless wait seems worth it.

Finding a downed bird in tall grass isn't easy. A few straining poles and several severely stressed abdominal muscles later, and the prize finally is theirs.

What an ungainly bird for such a lot of trouble! Salt and pepper coloration like a guinea hen; gangly legs for tramping about in the marsh; a long, slender neck; and a small head with an extended beak . . . this is the clapper rail.

Despite the nefarious reputation of the sport of rail hunting, this trip was certainly not in vain. As the tide approached its crest, the group marveled at the splendors of a vanishing wilderness.

In somber solitude one member of the crew plopped a fishing line over the side, only to find his rod bent with the whistle of singing monofilament and screaming clutch. Redfish! After a few minutes it becomes all too apparent that this is no channel bass.

(Please turn page.)



The fish turns, and the fisherman violently retrieves line, lest slack cost him a worthy prize. In a quick pass near the boat, the unmistakable snout of a sheephead grins back at the struggling angler.

"It's a big one! She'll go ten or fifteen pounds at least." The excitement seems to transcend the previous problems of the day.

Meanwhile the other boat trudges wearily through grass in search of at least one more rail. They are here, and in quantity if their singular "yek yek yek yek" call is any indication. Every thrust of the pole brings the clammer of squawking birds.

On a nearby tidal island, a pair of minks tumble and frolic through the marsh, as a snowy egret looks on with staring eyes.

Startled by the boat's sudden fracture of the stillness, a pair of rails flutters up from a thick clump of grass, catching the hunters completely off guard and demonstrating the challenge posed to even an accomplished wingmaster by a rail in full flight.

Some have compared the rail's flight to a "sick chicken." While this may be true of their less than graceful takeoff, the clapper rail, when given a few seconds in the air, is more than even match for a gifted hunter's eye.





The thunderous boom of shotgun shatters the calm of the marsh. A disgusted hunter stares down his barrel at open air where once there was a rail, only to sight the bird flitting down gently to the safety of the marsh.

Rails are accomplished swimmers. They will often submerge like ducks and reappear several yards away. In the dense marsh grass they can disappear all too quickly, and it takes a pretty good eye to spot the excellent camouflage nature has provided these birds.

The rail is graced with a tenacious attraction for the safety of the tall grass, a quality quite frustrating to the hunter. The frequent practice of slapping the marsh grass with a paddle or pole to coax the birds up has given rise to some undue criticism.

True, the rail is not the most intelligent of birds. Nor is he the best of fliers. The real sport involved is a test of the hunter's patience, endurance, and ingenuity against sometimes impossible odds.

The birds must be hunted on the high tide. The highest tides come during the fall of the year, and unless there is a sea breeze blowing, poling even a small boat through the marsh can prove a dirty, tiring experience.

While motors can be used to get a hunter out to the marsh, regulations strictly prohibit the use of power while hunting. Since the birds are considered migratory waterfowl, federal regulations control seasons, and fines imposed for violators can be quite severe. State regulations and penalties can add the proverbial icing to the cake for the callous individual who chooses to unsportingly pursue the rail.

Rising early to assure being on the marsh by high tides, the hunters—with that first less-than-successful day under their belts—have risen this morning with new respect for nature's ways. Should success elude them again, they can rest more easily in the knowledge that the kill is not important. It is what is gained from a closer look at themselves and the world around them. #



Butterflies

by Rebecca N. Marshall
Photography by Bob Busby
and Ed Brock

If suddenly there were no more butterflies, the world would be a sadder place.

Sadder because living things have been destroyed, because their beauty is no more. But their disappearance wouldn't much alter patterns of life on earth: other than their loveliness, butterflies don't contribute very much.

By aiding in pollination, they have a slight positive economic effect; some species damage plants important to man, and so have a negative effect. But they aren't very important in these functions. Bees do more pollinating, and other pests do greater damage to plants.

Butterflies have been used to study genetics and population biology, and the migration of Monarchs has been widely investigated, but other animals and insects have been studied more frequently.

No, butterflies seem to have been put on earth almost solely for enjoyment: they are pure beauty.

Yet it seems that man doesn't appreciate his gift, because through careless manipulation of the environment, he brings death to the butterfly. Insecticides destroy the insects' habitat: killing the food plant is killing the creature, since most butterflies depend on a single plant for survival, refusing to eat anything else.



One Georgia butterfly, in fact, may be placed on the endangered species list, although its rareness probably is not caused by environmental meddling. Only a few "rare skippers" (*Problema bulenta*) have ever been spotted, so investigators think they are naturally rare. They have been sighted in Georgia only in Chatham County, and nationwide they are known only in five or six places.

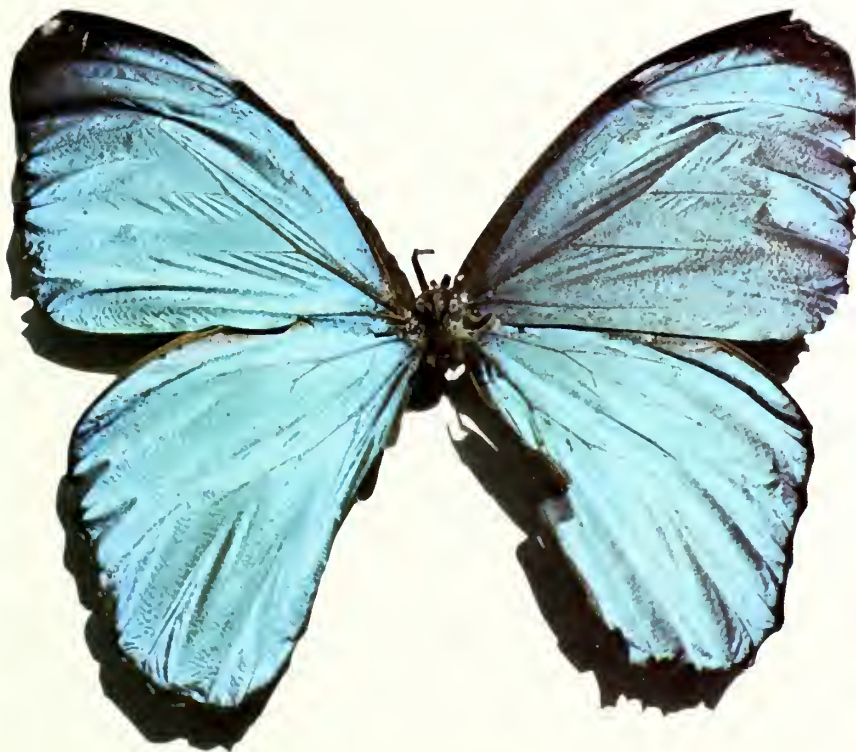
Georgia's diversity of terrain and fauna makes it interesting to lepidopterists (those who collect and study butterflies—butterfly is defined as "any of the various insects of the order Lepidoptera"). John Abbot, one of the first lepidopterists in this country, lived and worked here in colonial

times. And even before Georgia became a colony, butterflies were collected and transported to England.

Over 50,000 species have been identified worldwide, with 700 in North America north of Mexico. Yet even with this great variety of species, all butterflies develop in basically the same way.
(Please turn page.)



The owl butterfly, shown here upside down, is named for the creature his underside resembles. This one was found in Paraguay.



This brilliant butterfly, Morpho menilaus, is from Brazil.



This 1827 John Abbott print is located in the Special Collections Department, Robert W. Woodruff Library, Emory University.

The female selects the plant her offspring will feed on and deposits her egg (ovum). Almost every species of egg is different, and collectors often can identify a butterfly by the eggs alone. If the insect isn't going through the winter in this

stage, it hatches in 3 to 14 days; quickest hatching is in tropical climates.

The egg hatches into a caterpillar, or larva. This little creature's sole purpose in life appears to be eating. It eats so much that it has to dis-

card its skin (molt) four or five times during its life, a brief span of two to eight weeks unless it is hibernating. It protects itself by camouflage: some species resemble leaves, twigs, dead debris, or bird droppings; others are hairy, spiny, distasteful, or poisonous.

The pupa (chrysalis) develops next. It is enclosed in a silken cocoon and is always dormant. The pupa hangs—suspended by silk produced in the larval stage—for one to four weeks unless it is hibernating. While in the cocoon, its entire cell structure breaks down and re-forms, making the butterfly.

The adult butterfly, or imago, emerges from its split cocoon with everything full-grown except the wings. These are only a fraction of their final size, and the butterfly immediately pumps them up by forcing fluid from its body into them. This takes about half an hour, and the new wings need another half hour or so to dry.

The adult butterflies' life span averages ten days, and they live to reproduce. Aside from time spent drinking nectar, which provides energy, the male spends his time looking for females, and the female spends hers laying eggs.

Part of what attracts the male is the scent the female produces. Butterflies sense odors through their antennae, which also help with balance and direction in flight.

They can see for short distances, taste, and, possibly, hear. Organs covering most of the body have a drumlike structure which vibrates like the human eardrum.

The insects feed on nectar or rotten fruit, and drink water or tree sap. The tongue (proboscis) is found in all adults, usually coiled up underneath the head.

Butterflies have no skeletal structure, and blood flows freely inside most of the body cavity, so even a small injury can be fatal.

Since they have no lungs, air diffuses into a system of tubes which become smaller and smaller, until the air passes directly into the cells. This method of breathing limits the size of butterflies.

Flight habits differ widely from species to species. Some dart around erratically, while others float by lazily on the breeze, showing off their colors.

The coloring comes from scales that cover the wings; if the scales rub off, so does the color.



The rare skipper, Problema bulenta, was found on the banks of the Savannah River.

Pigments produce some colors, while the structure of the scales causes others.

This coloration that man enjoys so much is extremely important to the survival of butterflies, for it provides camouflage and protection. Some flash bright colors to deter attackers as they fly away. Others look like twigs or leaves. Some species even imitate the colors of other types of insects, such as wasps, that are distasteful to enemies.

Birds are among the butterflies' enemies, as are parasites, which can attack and kill as many as 99% of one generation.

But man may well pose the butterfly's worst threat. His use of insecticides harms both insects and food plants. And concrete, covering acres of what once were fields, kills flowers and plants that mean life to the butterfly. Parking lots, office buildings, apartments, and houses have taken over areas where butterflies once lived and thrived.

Cutting down more trees, clearing and cultivating more land, raising food for an ever-increasing population—these all destroy butterflies' vital habitats.

It's sad to think that through man's carelessness and his just not caring enough to change, a little beauty may disappear forever. There's not enough now, so even a little loss would be too big. #

Black Water Jacks

by Aaron Pass

Photography by the author

With a splash the lure lands beside the overhanging bush and lies still. After a couple of seconds, the minnow-shaped plug darts under the water and undulates swiftly back to the rod tip. The water is black as sawmill coffee and gives a reddish tinge to the few objects which can be seen beneath its mirror-like surface.

The close, dense heat of south Georgia summer hangs like a river fog. As the morning mist burns off the dark water of Hurricane Creek, the heat comes in hard and fast. The mosquitoes also come in hard, and their ever present whine, plus the drone of other insects and the murmur of the creek, provide a constant undertone. Thick, rank vegetation completes the jungle-like setting.



Only an occasional birdcall and the splash of the plug breaks the background of assorted bug and creek noises, as the movement downstream continues. Splash! Then the mechanical whisperings of gears and revolving bail as the retrieve comes in.

"Bout two more steps, and you'll float yer hat." The human voice, no matter how softly spoken, cracks like a rifle shot in natural settings. Across the dark water stands Billy Jack, resident expert on jack fishing, hat floatings, and blackwater happenings in general. He is on temporary duty as a guide to keep the tenderfoot out of gaterholes, off cottonmouths, and more or less alive long enough to catch a jackfish.

"The lake's about seven-foot deep here," says the man as he strides to mid-channel at ankle depth—"I'm walkin' a log." A toe cautiously probes forward; behold, Billy Jack speaks the gospel truth.

He could have been 40 or 70 or any age between. With ruddy complexion, a black beard streaked gray, and twinkling eyes—he looks like a dark-bearded Santa Claus on a fishing vacation. He knows about blackwater swamps and fishing therein; credentials are unnecessary.

"Try it on down the lake." (What lake? A forty-foot width of black water?) "If you don't do any good, Stevie will take you to Little Steel Trap, this is Big Steel Trap." Good Lord, they get smaller!

On downstream, avoid floating the hat, splash the plug, and retrieve fast. Jacks like a fast moving lure, except when they want it slow. Contrary fish.

"Let's go on down to Little Steel Trap," says another rifleshot voice in the wilderness. Stevie, a resident swampwalker built on a wiry frame and thatched with sandy hair, has appeared from behind and immediately pushes into a wall of greenery. Soon the brush gives way to a tiny run of water no more than four feet wide. "Don't step there—Delano's catfish hole—about six feet deep," Stevie counsels. Can't be—the probing toe—these people don't lie.



Little Steel Trap is at hand, or rather at foot. "Work downstream to where the big log crosses. Watch out for the cottonmouth that likes to sun on the log. Don't step off here, it's about four feet deep." Undoubtedly it was.

Downstream again. Splash the lure, retrieve fast, then slow, move on. At the log the cottonmouth is not in residence—at least not on top. A long downstream cast stops cold halfway back—a snag? Snags hardly ever thrash about, much less run. The jack fights in quick, slashing style—short runs, quick turns, rolls on the top and dives for the bottom. He's on the far side of the big log—only four feet away, but the intervening water has no bottom. A long, pointed



head thrusts up, out, shakes, and the plug flies clear. It's in the tree and the fish is in the water.

"Lost him, too bad," comes Stevie's voice from nowhere. How do these folks suddenly appear like that? "Fish on downstream to the end of the lake and work back. He'll be ready again in a few minutes. I'll be back up at the bend."

Downstream, splash, retrieve. Patience is short, thirst is long, and the mosquitoes are ever present. Back upstream toward the log.

Splash, retrieve, *yank*, buzz as the drag slips—he's on. Rapid, slashing runs and wallowing on the surface. Slowly he comes up and in, but

one last surge brings the rod tip down to the water. For a terrible half second that seems to last three hours, the drag does not slip. Buzz, he takes line, but not as much as before, and he's done in.

A clinched fist across the gill plates brings him to shore. Eighteen inches and about two pounds of jack. "Not too big, but he beats nothing," says Stevie back up at the bend.

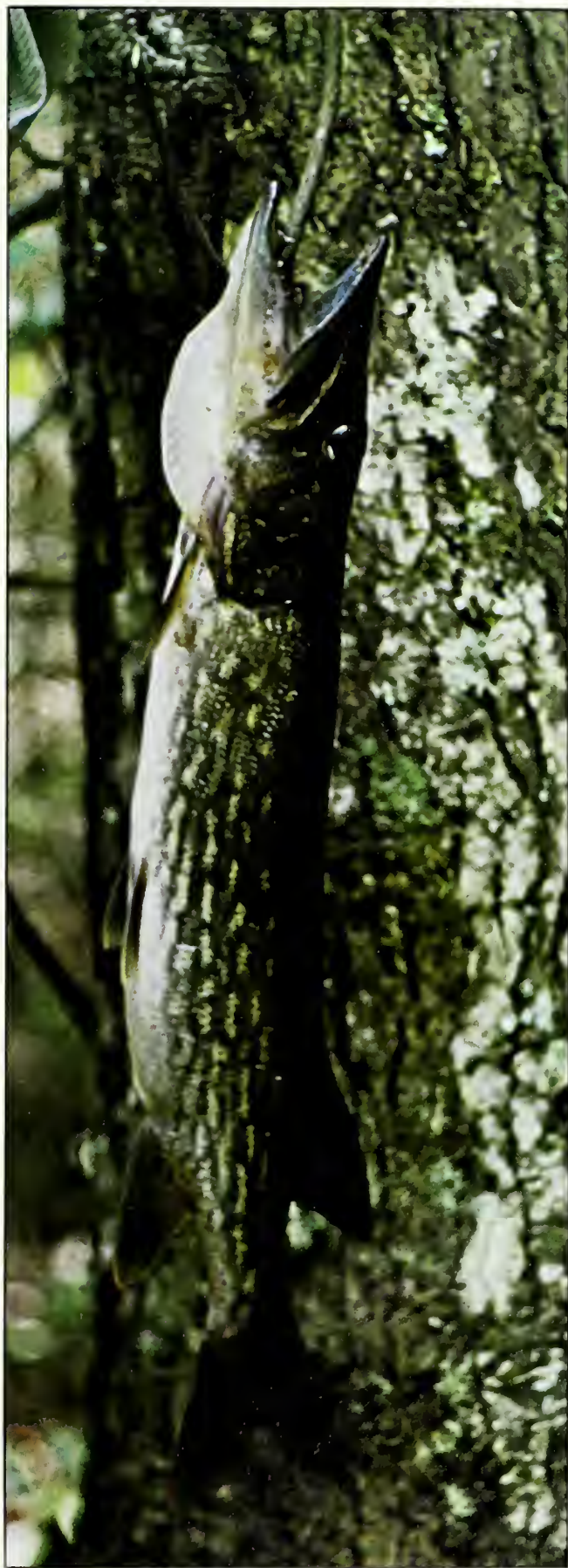
Jackfish, or just plain jack, he's *Esox niger* in Latin, which roughly translated means black pike. Naturally he's called a chain pickerel. Southern cousin of the muskellunge, the jack is

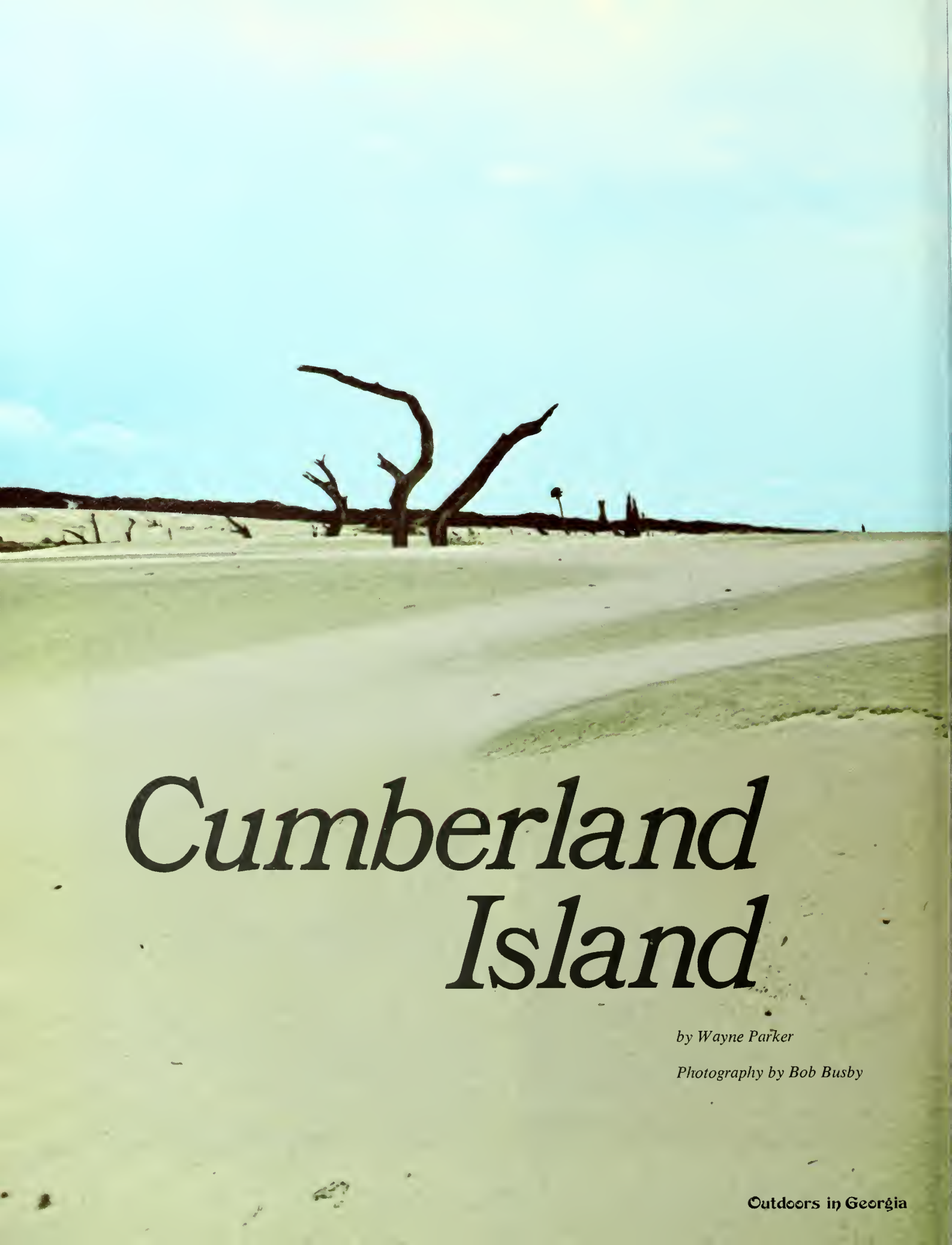
smaller but just as vicious. Some equipment to be vicious with, a duck-like snout studded with sharp teeth. Elongated body with markings which resemble chain links, hence the name chain pickerel.

Fast and aggressive, he's a predator. Lying in wait in the quiet and weedy places, he lets his meals come to him. He is voracious and is often caught on bait or lure with a previous meal unswallowed in his gullet.

His meals are the smaller fish of the creek, which, like the jack himself, move at the whim of the black water. Confined in the deep narrow creek channel at low water, the fish are liberated by flood. Then the small forage out over the flooded bottom. Among the foragers moves a long shadow which forages on them.

Beside the overhanging bush a small warmouth pauses, waiting for an incautious insect to fall on the water. From the shadows under the bush a movement—splash! And the warmouth is gone. The jack's rush was quick and effective, and he turns to seek the incaution of another meal. The jackfish, relentless predator of the black water, a bunch of fish in one skin. The downstream movement continues #



A photograph of a sandy beach with driftwood and a clear blue sky. The foreground is a wide, flat expanse of light-colored sand. In the middle ground, several pieces of dark, weathered driftwood are scattered across the sand. The background shows a distant, low-lying shoreline under a pale blue sky with a few wispy clouds.

Cumberland Island

by Wayne Parker

Photography by Bob Busby

Outdoors in Georgia



As I look north, white wisps of sand slide over the mounds of dunes, whipped into leeward pockets by a heavy nor'easter. I can watch sand patterns form and disappear in an instant. East from where I am sitting an uneven belt of grass edges up to the dunes. Beyond the grass, I can see a wide beach washed and pounded by the Atlantic Ocean. The rumble of the waters and the whining of the wind are the only sounds in the light of dawn's glow. . . .



... To the west, the dunes abruptly end, giving way to a forest canopy of live oak, slash and longleaf pines, yucca, and palmettos.

It is a good, healthy, strong morning, and I am alone with an island. But neither I nor the island will be alone for long.

Even as I walk in the morning sun, preparations are being made for thousands of visitors who will see this beach. They, as I, will be enchanted by an island undaunted by the busy world beyond.

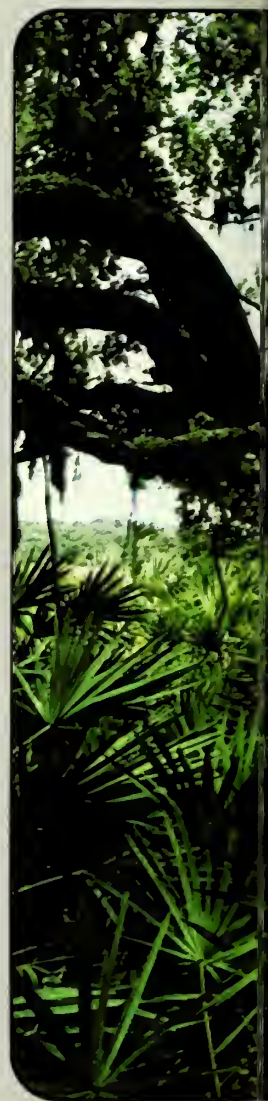
There is a saying among conservationists that a unique natural area may have a "fatal" beauty. That is, its uniqueness may bring about its development for any number of human uses. But this inevitably destroys the qualities which make the area unique.

Such is the Cumberland dilemma.

The impetus for creation of the national seashore came from a plan to turn the island into a commercial recreational resort. Through government ownership the public has been assured the right to use the island forever.

But the issue is not simple. The National Park Service faces the unenviable task of managing a fragile island for the use of the general public.

The island is the subject of a series of public meetings and hearings. Their purpose: the preparation of a "master plan" for the development



and use of Cumberland Island National Seashore. National Park Service rangers are in evidence on the island, on patrol in their rugged green vehicles. Old buildings are being restored, and boats even shuttle to the mainland, bringing supplies and a trickle of visitors as they return.

The few residents of the island, the most prominent of which are descendants of the Carnegie or Candler families, will be granted lifetime estates and may continue to live on the island. But the visitors will far outnumber the residents.

Current plans call for limited day-use facilities with some camping allowed. Since the idea for a national seashore on Cumberland originated, most people have agreed that Cumberland should not be overly developed.

The great beach on Cumberland continually changes. In the last few months, an old red and gray metal buoy has been exposed. From my position on the dune above, it looks like an oversized light bulb. Many years ago, a wooden Indian canoe was uncovered in much the same way. The small vessel, thousands of years old, was still intact, a remnant from one of the variety of groups that have made Cumberland Island their home.

Walking south now, terns and gulls continually move before me, from the beach out over the water and back. A pelican dives for his breakfast, meeting success on his third try.

Fernandina Beach, Florida, is visible to the south. Old Fort Clinch stands poised on it, guarding its shores across the St. Mary's River.



The dunes here are high, spilling abruptly onto a field of grass and palm trees. The field looks freshly mowed, clipped short by the horses and cattle who feed here during their wanderings over the island.

The scent of history rambles along everywhere on Cumberland. Above the forest canopy to the west are three chimneys, stark against the skyline, rising from the ruins of Dungeness. General Nathanael Greene built the first mansion, a dream house that he never lived to enjoy. Others did, however, including Eli Whitney, who received financial support from Cumberland landowners to finish an invention that changed the course of history in the South.

Near the plantation buildings is a small graveyard at the edge of the marsh. Lighthouse Harry Lee was buried there, and his son Robert came on two occasions to pay his respects.

But that era passed and Cumberland moved into the 20th century, still apart from the hur-





ried world of the mainland. It was here that the aristocratic Carnegies of Pennsylvania built a resort home, the ruins of which stand before me. The gymnasium next to the main house is now deteriorated, but the swimming pool inside still holds water. Smaller foundations which were once servants' quarters dot this coastal plantation, reminiscent of an era gone by.

An old wooden touring car sits in the carriage house, perhaps undisturbed since the Carnegies abandoned Dungeness more than two decades ago.

As I cling to a high windowsill to get a glimpse of this old car, they come to life once more, and I catch a vision of it carrying a happy group up the beach to a picnic and day of sunbathing.

The Carnegies must also have driven up toward Cumberland's north end in the early summer, to see the nesting of the sea turtles, or to fish for a day at Whitney Lake.

On this day I am privileged to share that kind of experience. In the future many others will do

the same, as the Cumberland Island National Seashore becomes real to thousands of visitors.

But will the aura of Cumberland Island be slightly diminished by each visitor? As more people come, solitude, necessary to feel the natural fluctuations that are the essence of Cumberland, will be more and more difficult to find. As our country continues to grow and develop, such problems become accentuated, and the choices we make about how we grow become more and more difficult.

These difficult problems become very real when I am standing at the edge of the warm surf, looking inward at the pristine beauty that is Cumberland. I am by myself, so I can be free, and I ask a nearby sea turtle laboring up the beach, "Hey, turtle, how can we see to it that Cumberland Island National Seashore is *enjoyed* but not *destroyed*?"

The turtle says nothing, for it's not his job, and so I shout the only answer I know after the quiet of a pelican's glide: "That, Mr. Pelican, is the question!" #

Profile:

General James Edward Oglethorpe

by Bill Morehead

Picture of Gen. Oglethorpe
courtesy of the Office of
Secretary of State



The name has been exposed to millions: almost every school child in Georgia can tell you who Oglethorpe was. Many people outside the state know that Oglethorpe founded Georgia with a “bunch of criminals from London Prison.” Many know that, sometime in the 1700s (they’re not quite sure when) Oglethorpe and his “criminals” landed in Georgia and started the town of Savannah.

But very few people, Georgians or non-Georgians, can tell you much more than that. To them Oglethorpe comes across like a page hurriedly torn from a history book, a shallow sketch drawn by a busy artist, a character from a grade “D” movie. The papier-mache Oglethorpe they think they know hurts both Oglethorpe and our Georgia heritage.

For the man was much more than a shallow sketch—and so was the founding effort he gave to the colony of Georgia.

James Edward Oglethorpe was nothing more than a product of his environment. But what an environment—a genealogy which traced itself back to the Sheriff of York during the Norman invasion, a family which Trevor Reese said was of “strong military and parliamentary traditions and Jacobite sympathies.” Oglethorpe was educated at Eton and Oxford, traditional touch-

stones of the English ruling classes, and served in eastern Europe in the armies of Prince Eugene of Savoy.

He was later elected a Tory member of Parliament and seemed to become a consummate product of the romanticism, egalitarianism, and scientism of the 18th century. Further, he became enamored with the idea that great worlds to conquer required great men to conquer them, and he strove to find himself in such a conquest. His world became the concept of a colony south of Carolina.

He was the principal force behind forming such a colony. It was Oglethorpe who convinced King George II to grant a charter for the colony, and it was he who encouraged other members of the Trustees to subscribe to the colonial undertaking.

Oglethorpe was the only Trustee to cross the Atlantic to visit Georgia. He commanded the first shipload of emigrants and sailed in November 1732 on the *Anne*, a 200-ton frigate. In January 1733 they landed at Charlestowne; in February, at Yamacraw Bluffs, the future site of the town of Savannah.

Oglethorpe stayed with the colony for ten years, returning to England in 1743—never again to see the colony he founded.

James Edward Oglethorpe was a young man of 36 when he landed in Savannah. He died an old man of 96. For at least sixty years his name signified the colony.

What of the young man Oglethorpe? He was a *gentleman* in a century which defined the word as a man who could pursue gallant causes and women, but not menial work. He was extremely well educated in a time when illiteracy was the rule. He was an egalitarian when such concepts were heretical not only to governments but to churches. He had access to power, proved when King George II granted the colonial charter, but he did not abuse this access (when such abuse was the order of the day).

He founded a colony conceived out of rudimentary capitalism—the strict profit motive—but he only owned one small house on St. Simons Island. He planned the city of Savannah with reason and logic, at a time when the English were well known for their unfathomable mazes of streets in London, Philadelphia, and Boston.

His religious tolerance was great and, for his time, astounding. Not only were the common English religious splinter groups represented in Georgia (as evidenced by the slightly heretical preachings of John and Charles Wesley), but German Protestants, Scottish Highlanders, French Huguenots, Swiss Protestants, Jews, and Catholics were all welcomed and treated cordially.

These views were remarkable, but others were unbelievable. Oglethorpe *was* an equalitarian, not from the words he wrote, but from *the way he acted*—especially under stress. He believed in the simple freedom of humanity for each and every race, each and every person.

Georgia was the only colony of the original thirteen which was founded on a non-slave precept. Slaves were not sold, bought or owned by Georgians, and slavery was not recognized in Georgia during Oglethorpe's ten-year tenure.

This anti-slave position put Oglethorpe under heavy pressure from the very start, but he never gave in. Citizens of South Carolina simply could not understand his position. Slave traders from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island were enraged over the loss of a great potential market, and important people in the English Parliament lobbied for a change in the slave status of Georgia the entire time Oglethorpe governed.

To be sure, there were criminals in the *Anne*,



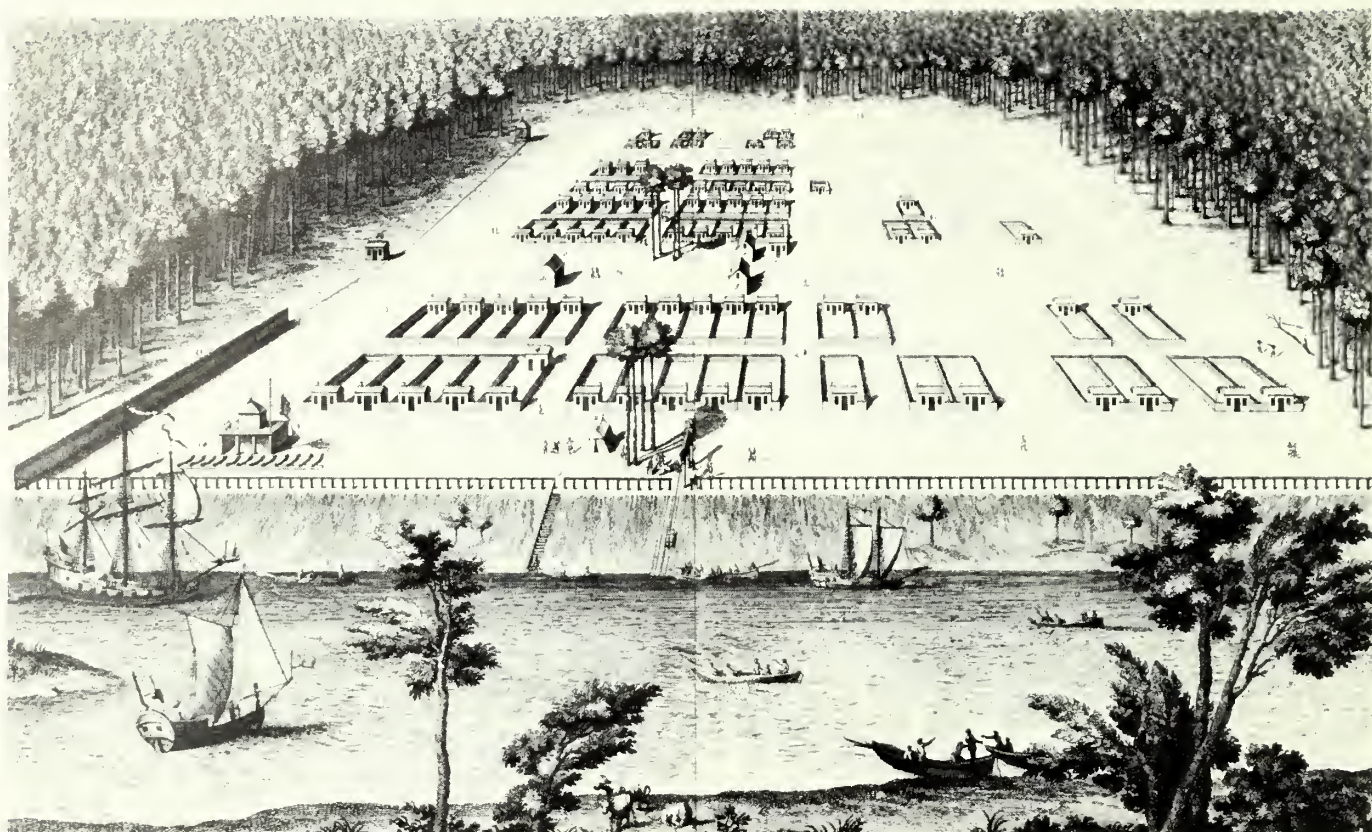
Courtesy of University of Georgia Libraries

Tomochichi and his nephew, Tooanahowi. On January 19, 1733, Oglethorpe met with Tomochichi, Mico of the Yamucraws, made a friendly treaty and laid out the site of Savannah. This portrait was painted by William Verelst, when Tomochichi and Tooanahowi accompanied Oglethorpe to London in 1734.

but what kind? They were mostly guilty of the crime of being poor—but they were not guilty of being unskilled. The band of 114 which sailed from England was composed of skilled craftsmen and women, hard bent upon making a new life for themselves.

The young Oglethorpe's views toward the Indian were non-conformist, too. He dealt with the Indians on a basis of trust and honor—concepts which were not exactly in full force in America at the time. Tomochichi, Mico of the Yamucraws knew Oglethorpe for most of his years in America, and before he died (October 15, 1739) he publicly thanked Oglethorpe for his friendship and showed his respect for the colonials by requesting (and receiving) permission to be buried in Percival Square in Savannah.

No slaves, no betrayal policies for Indians, and no institutionalized religious intolerance. Indeed, Oglethorpe—and thus Georgia—was a different sort of colony. Oglethorpe, the young



Courtesy of University of Georgia Libraries

One of Savannah's original settlers, Peter Gordon, drew a "View of Savannah as it stood the 29th of March 1734."

man, and Georgia, the young colony, were trying.

Of course slaves came to Georgia, and, for a time, religious intolerance was practiced. It wasn't long before Georgians began to mistreat the natives, either. But almost all of this came to pass after 1743—when Oglethorpe retired to England for good.

A glimpse of Oglethorpe the senior citizen shows his non-conformity did not change much in the years intervening. In 1776, forty-three years after his founding of Georgia, King George II offered General Oglethorpe an army commission to put down the American rebellion. James Edward Oglethorpe was at that time the senior general of the British Army, and tradition has it that Oglethorpe was asked to be commander-in-chief of the British Army in America.

Oglethorpe refused, saying that he could neither take up arms against the colonies (he considered himself a Georgian) nor against England (he had great loyalty to the Crown).

Thus, James Edward Oglethorpe sat out the war—as, according to Thornwell Jacobs, the first true Anglo-American.

The founder of Georgia disappeared into history soon after the war. England poorly remembers him, Georgians know him only casually, but he was a good man. Further, he stood firmly for certain ideals throughout his life—through the strains and stresses others applied to change his mind—and he didn't yield.

Georgia paid a dear price for yielding to the things Oglethorpe was against. Slavery planted its indelible scar on our fair state, religious intolerance has visited us every now and then, and the Indians—where have Georgia's Indians gone?

A clear reading of history shows that Oglethorpe was an honorable man. A reading between the lines shows him to have been a fair man. A reading of the heart shows Oglethorpe to have been a good man. And all of us are very fortunate for that. #

Sportsman's Calendar

MIGRATORY GAME

Dove—Sept. 6-Oct. 4

Dec. 6-Jan. 15

No zones (Noon to Sunset)

12 per day/24 in possession

Rails—(marsh hen)—Sept. 6-Nov. 14

King & Clapper—15 per day/30 in possession

Sora & Virginia—25 per day/25 in possession

NATIVE GAME

Deer—(archery)—Either Sex, Sept. 27-Oct. 25 in

Game Zones I, II, III, IV, and V

Sept. 27-Oct. 14 in Game Zone VI

Bobcat—Sept. 15-Feb. 28—no limit

Squirrel—Sept. 15-Feb. 28

(In Game Zones I, IA) 10 per day

COMPUTER QUOTA DEER HUNTS ON WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREAS

*Deadline for application Sept. 20, 1975. Application
forms available at all Game and Fish Offices.*

Allatoona

1. Buck only—Nov. 27-29, QH. 300

2. Antlerless—Jan. 3, QH. 450

Berry College

1. Buck only—Oct. 27-31, QH. 1200

2. Antlerless—Dec. 20, QH. 650

Chattahoochee

Either Sex—Jan. 3, QH. 500

Chickasawhatchee

1. Primitive Weapons—Either Sex—Nov. 21-22,
QH. 350

2 & 3. Either Sex—Dec. 12-13/Jan. 2-3,
QH. 350 each hunt

Clark Hill

Antlerless—Dec. 13, QH. 400

John's Mountain

1. Primitive Weapons (either sex)—Oct. 23-25,
QH. 500

2. Antlerless—Jan. 10, QH. 450

Lake Russell

Antlerless—Jan. 10, QH. 400

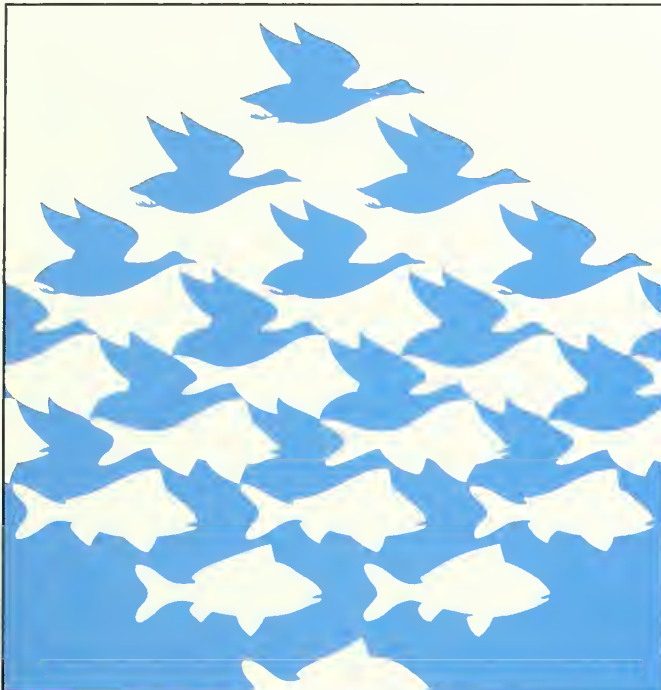
Pigeon Mountain

Antlerless—Jan. 10, QH. 700

Sapelo Island

1. Buck only—Oct. 21-23, QH. 150

2 & 3. Parent-child (either sex)—Nov. 27-29/Dec.
29-31, QH. 150 pairs for each hunt



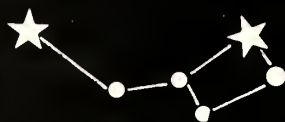
National Hunting & Fishing Day

SEPTEMBER 27, 1975



URSA MAJOR

Polaris
(North Star)

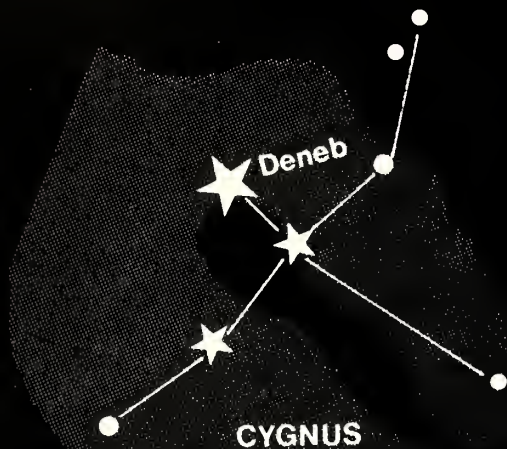


URSA MINOR

AUTUMN STARS

by Rebecca N. Marshall

Photography courtesy Fernbank Science Center



CYGNUS



LYRA

Vega



Altair

DELPHINUS

AQUILA



SAGITTA

The ancients used stars for clocks, calendar, and compass. Time of day, season of the year, sailing direction: they learned all these from the sun and prominent constellations.

Man now no longer uses celestial bodies for this kind of basic information. It just isn't necessary in these days of electronic watches and sophisticated navigational instruments. But even though his "independence" is increasing, man's curiosity about the stars endures. And many questions can be answered only by ancient legends.

Constellations contain the same stars and have the same names as they had thousands of years ago. Some, like the Big and Little Dippers, are easily understood: they look like their names. But others are more obscure. In some constellations the stars seem almost to have been lumped together arbitrarily. Yet each has a story, an ancient legend explaining not only its name, but its very existence.

Different constellations dominate the sky during different times of the year, changing with the seasons; so every fall the same stars are in the same place in the sky. But as winter approaches, they move lower and lower, and another set of stars gains prominence.

In Georgia during the fall, the constellation Cygnus is conspicuous, with Deneb, its brightest star, almost overhead. The constellation, also known as the Northern Cross, can be identified by this shape; Deneb is the most northern star in the four upright, and three stars form the cross-arm.

One of the many legends surrounding Cygnus, the Swan, tells of Phaeton, son of Helios, the sun god. To prove his parentage, he tried to drive the sun chariot across the sky for one day. But Phaeton, merely a mortal, was unable to control the fiery steeds pulling the carriages: he went into the heavens and down very close to the earth, scorching stars and parching the land, causing rivers to dry up and plants to shrivel and disappear. Jupiter, head of all the gods, blasted him from the chariot with a lightning bolt, and Phaeton fell to earth as a shooting star, landing in the River Eridanus.

Cygnus, distraught over his good friend's death, dived repeatedly into the Eridanus to collect Phaeton's remains, for in those days it was believed that the soul would never rest peacefully unless the body was properly buried. Jupiter was so deeply moved by this devotion that he placed Cygnus among the stars.

(Please turn page.)



Cygnus, the Swan



Lyra, the Lyre or Harp



Aquila, the Eagle, and Sagitta, the Arrow

To the right of Cygnus is the constellation Lyra, the Lyre or Harp. It looks like an equilateral triangle, and Vega, fourth brightest star in the sky, lies here.

Legend has it that when Mercury (the messenger of the gods) was resting on the banks of the Nile, he began toying with a tortoise-shell. He fastened several strings to it and with his magic touch brought forth beautiful sounds, audible only to immortals. He traded it to Apollo (god of the sun, prophecy, music, medicine, and poetry), who passed it to his son, Orpheus.

Orpheus was a master musician, and he used the lyre to try to rescue Eurydice, his bride of only one day, from the Underworld. The spirits of the dead, charmed by his music, agreed to release Eurydice. The only condition was that Orpheus not look behind him until they had left the realm of the dead. As they approached the gate to the Upperworld, Orpheus suddenly had to make sure that Eurydice was following, and as he looked back he saw her sliding down into Hades.

In his sadness Orpheus took to roaming the countryside. He charmed many beautiful girls with his music, but he rejected all advances.

The scorned girls sought revenge by attempting to kill him, but every weapon they used was

stopped in mid-air by the lyre. They finally began shouting so furiously that their shouts overpowered the melody, and they stabbed Orpheus and threw the lyre into the river.

Jupiter, who had been watching all this, sent a vulture to rescue the instrument and placed it in the sky.

South of Cygnus lies Aquila, the Eagle. Altair, a star of the first magnitude, is in this constellation. (Early astronomers established a system of classifying stars according to their brightness: brightest stars were first magnitude, next brightest were second magnitude, and so on down to the sixth.) Aquila can be easily identified by its bright star with a fainter star on each side.

One story associated with the Eagle tells of his choosing a cup bearer and wine pourer for the table of the gods. Aquila flew to earth, where he discovered Ganymede, a son of the King of Troy, tending his father's sheep. He was such a beautiful young man that Aquila swooped down and lifted him in his claws. They flew to Olympus, where Ganymede became a servant of the gods.

Aquila also carried out the terrible punishment Jupiter proclaimed for Prometheus. Prometheus had stolen a ray of the sun; this had enabled men to cook their food, warm their



houses, and make iron weapons. Jupiter became so infuriated that he ordered Prometheus chained to a rock, where the Eagle came every day to eat his liver; this always grew back in time for the next day's punishment.

Jupiter showed his appreciation of the Eagle's devotion by placing him in the stars.

Near Aquila is Sagitta, the Arrow, that killed the Eagle. It resembles a two-pointed arrow like those used in the Roman Army.

Delphinus, the Dolphin (also known as Job's Coffin), lies beside the Milky Way. Four of its stars form a diamond, with a fifth below; the diamond represents the dolphin's body, and a line to the fifth star is the tail.

The Dolphin helped Poseidon woo Amphitrite, daughter of Oceanus. The girl had refused

all advances that Poseidon made, and she hid in the ocean to escape him. The Dolphin, who followed her at Poseidon's request, so praised the lord of the sea that Amphitrite finally agreed to marry him. To express his gratitude, Poseidon placed the Dolphin in the stars, where he can be seen forever.

The constellations lighting the autumn skies tell many stories of ancient gods and men. Feats of courage, of love, of fatal mistakes—all are revealed in the stars. Even though they are no longer believed, even though modern man no longer depends on the heavens to discover when to plant or where to sail, he still clings to these ancient legends. And why not? After all, no one has better explained why man sees swans and eagles and dolphins in the sky. #

Wildlife Profiles:

Chain Pickerel

by Aaron Pass

Art by Liz Carmichael Jones

The chain pickerel (*Esox niger*) is a well-known game fish in the South under a number of local nicknames such as “jackfish” and “jack-pike.” This small but scrappy fish is a member of the family which includes the northern pike and Muskellunge, and although the pickerel is not as large as his more glamorous cousins, he displays the typical pike pugnaciousness when caught on light tackle.

He is named for his markings, a network of vermiculate, chain-like patterns along the sides of his long body. The basic body color varies from green to bronze. The long duck-like snout of the pickerel is common to all members of the *Esox* family and is well-armed with sharp, recurving teeth. The chain pickerel is differentiated from the other *Esox* fish by his fully scaled cheek and gill covers. The pickerel is a voracious predator, feeding on smaller fish, amphibians, and just about any other living thing that invades his watery sanctuary.

The pickerel’s favorite domain is the weed bed of a lake, pond, or slow-moving river. In this heavy cover he will lie in wait, relying on his excellent camouflage. Pickerel are as fearless as they are voracious and often will attack fish or lures nearly as large as themselves.

Pickerel and largemouth bass often are found in the same type of habitat, and many pickerel are caught by bass fishermen. Unfortunately,

most bass tackle is on the heavy side for pickerel; a chain pickerel reaches a maximum weight of under 10 pounds, and the majority are under five pounds. Because of this, the pickerel has gained an undeserved reputation for poor fighting qualities; but when hooked on reasonable tackle, the chain pickerel can show his stuff. Favored lures are spoons, spinners, and minnow-shaped plugs; fly casters use streamers or hair frogs. The pickerel lies in wait for his food, so the cast must land near the weed bed. Casts closely parallel to the cover are better than straight on work, since pickerel usually lie in the weeds facing out. Pickerel are susceptible to a moderately fast retrieve.

Another local pickerel is the redbfin (*Esox americanus americanus*). This small pickerel is found in coastal swamps and lowland rivers along the Atlantic coast. It seldom reaches more than 14-15 inches, but it is very popular with local anglers. It can be distinguished from chain pickerel by the telltale red fins, vertical bars along the body, and a proportionally shorter snout.

The grass pickerel (*Esox americanus vermiculatus*) is yet another small pickerel. It is quite similar to the redbfin, except its barring is less distinct and it lacks the red fins. The grass pickerel is more common in the Alabama drainages in the western part of the state. #



Chain Pickerel



Mistletoe State Park

by Joe Cullens

Photography by OIG staff



A sprig of mistletoe brings thoughts of Christmas to mind, but muggy fall weather counters visions of snow-laden landscapes and the warm glow of a yule log on a wintry evening. That sprig of bright green which so often graces the barren tops of trees during the colder months also is the namesake of one of Georgia's most beautiful state parks. Indeed, the wintertime abundance of mistletoe was so great that at one time this part of Columbia County became known as Mistletoe Junction; hence the name Mistletoe State Park.

Developed through a grant-in-aid from the United States Department of the Interior, Mistletoe State Park is located about ten miles from Appling and is easily accessible via Interstate 20 and Ga. 150 (Thompson Exit). Covering 1,920 acres, Mistletoe State Park embraces 27 miles of wooded shoreline on one of the largest inland



bodies of water in the South, Clark Hill Reservoir.

The site of the park and the land now covered by the 59,000 acre reservoir once was the home and hunting grounds of Cherokee Indians. Sometimes visitors to the area are lucky enough to find an arrowhead or two along the shores of Clark Hill.

The layout of the park is among its interesting features. Persons in the camping area are more-or-less isolated from those utilizing the picnic area, swimming area, and miniature golf course. At the same time, people wishing to enjoy the more comfortable accommodations in one of the five cottages need be subjected to none of the busy and often noisy excitement of the recreation areas, since the cottage area is also separate.

Recreational opportunities in the park are not limited to the quiet enjoyment of beautiful

surroundings, however; parents can try their luck at a round of miniature golf while the children make new friends at the playground. The park offers a swimming area which has a white sand beach, a bath house and concession stand. Water skiing opportunities are numerous on Clark Hill, and boat ramps are conveniently located.

For those who enjoy fishing, there is ample opportunity. Bass fishing is excellent, especially in the spring, and the crappie anglers can find many good spots. There are plenty of quiet coves where a boat really isn't needed for fishing. Frequently caught species also include bluegill bream, white bass, striped bass, brown and rainbow trout and an occasional walleye pike.

Several areas have been cleared and planted as deer food plots, so if a visit to Mistletoe happens to fall during one of the colder months of



the year, it's likely that several of the animals will be feeding. During the spring and summer there is plenty of browse for the deer deeper in the woods, and the likelihood of catching a glimpse is diminished considerably. Fox squirrels and songbirds abound in the park; occasionally the visitor who is extremely lucky and very quiet may even catch sight of one of the wild turkeys that populate the area.

The park also features a family group shelter with a capacity of 175. The shelter is available

for a modest fee and may be reserved at any time.

Aside from the attractions of the park itself, nearby attractions include Clark Hill Dam, Fort Gordon Military Reservation, the Augusta Museum, and of course, the Masters Golf Tournament held each April at Augusta National.

Mistletoe State Park has a year-round resident superintendent, and information on rates and reservations may be obtained by calling (404) 541-0321, or by writing Mistletoe State Park, Appling, Georgia 30802. #

Coming Next Month...

The Assize of the Forest. If you feel that our modern hunting regulations are capricious and arbitrary, read this compilation of the earliest written game laws from England. Recorded by Roger of Hoveden in 1184, these were laws and regulations of King Henry II protecting HIS FOREST and HIS GAME.

Deer Hunters' Outlook. Joe Cullens identifies the where and the why of the best deer hunting spots in the state. A pre-season pick of top hunting areas.

Lake Walter F. George. Autumn fishing offers a new challenge and some top-notch fishing. Dick Davis "covers the waterfront" on one of Georgia's best fishing lakes.

Profile: Sir James Wright. A royal governor sits on the powder keg of an approaching revolt by rebellious colonists of Georgia. In an attempt to retain order, he engages troops, "For two years, or during the continuance of the said Rebellion." Read about him in the October issue of *Outdoors in Georgia*.

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